

Life

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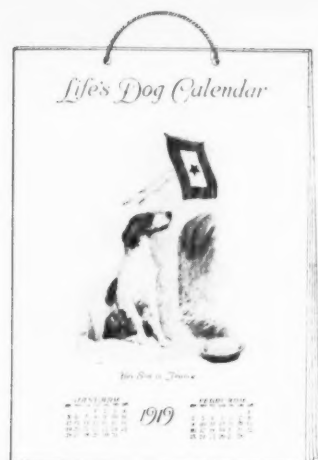
NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No Wrapping; No Address.  
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



PAUL STOKER

ONCE UPON A TIME



SIX DOG PICTURES, IN COLOR  
\$1.00, CARRIAGE PREPAID



TWELVE PATRIOTIC PICTURES, IN  
COLOR  
\$1.50, CARRIAGE PREPAID

## Patriotism and Dogs

Life moves on. Time waits for no man. We live in periods, colons, semi-colons and commas. The efficiency expert is the Pariah of the future.

But—

Freedom consists in the adaptability of machinery to our needs. The sun never fails us. He rises every morning on schedule time. We know when he is going to set and plan for it. It is horrible to plan for anything, but the sun has been on the job for a long time. The sun is experienced. He says: "Unless I can do this thing regularly, a lot of people will be upset. If I should rise to-morrow morning at eleven instead of six-thirty, I would disappoint millions. I have no right to do this. I have an obligation to fulfil." So the sun makes a business of being on time.

What does this prove? Only that certain things must be done in order.

What do you do when you write a letter?

You look up at the wall.

On the wall is a calendar.

It is placed there for a purpose. It is a guide to time.

If, in addition to being a guide, it contains something that links you up with your best feelings, so much the better.

That is what LIFE Calendars do. They supply you with the necessary machinery to regulate your life. In addition they appeal to the best in you.

Take the LIFE Calendars we are issuing this year. They are an ornament. They supply you with inspiration—and a sense of time.

If you love dogs, get the Dog Calendar.

If you love your country, get the Patriotic Calendar.

*Thousands of homes throughout America testify each year to the beauty and usefulness of LIFE'S Calendars. The two Calendars, reproduced above in miniature, are handsomely printed in colors, and tied together with heavy silk cord. Each Calendar put up in an art box, size 10 x 14. Sent carriage prepaid upon receipt of remittance. These Calendars are highly popular as Christmas Gifts.*

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
17 West 31st Street  
New York



"TAKE ME WITH YOU IF YOU WANT  
TO BE POPULAR."

*Life*

*Is coming to you  
for the Next Twelve  
Months with  
Christmas Greetings  
from*

A Subscription

to

*Life*

The Most Acceptable  
Christmas Gift

*For the American Overseas or in Camp:*

Because it is sent weekly, and does not crowd the limited space allotted for transportation of holiday gifts.

*For Friends, Relatives and Folks You  
Care for Anywhere:*

Because it comes every week, fifty-two times a year, and contains fun and criticism, drama and book reviews, pictures and editorials, something that will appeal to everyone.

Christmas card will be sent if requested in order.

Now is the time to become a regular yearly subscriber. Paper restrictions will soon be removed, and LIFE will be brighter and better as the weeks go on. Obey that impulse.

*Some Coming Numbers*

*Next Week's Life.*

"My Mother," on the cover.

*Issue of December 26th.*

"Christmas Eve — Where Duty Is  
Pleasure," on the cover.

*Special Numbers.*

Some coming numbers are: The  
Hero's Number, The Soldierettes  
Number and The Back-Home  
Number.

people



*In France*—in a Paris museum is a letter written more than four thousand years ago. It is a business letter—the most ancient one on earth. When old Rameses wanted to talk shop with his distant banker, on thick papyrus a hurried message was sent. With extra speed the scribes were able to finish the task in *four months*. Progress! Is it anywhere more startlingly illustrated than by the Mimeograph? Five thousand letters *an hour* it produces—letters that surpass old Egypt's products in *quality* as they do in speed. The newest developments of the Mimeograph—speed duplicator of splendidly printed forms, blanks, letters, drawings, etc.—make it a more important factor in the world's progress than ever before. Get new booklet "W" from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago — and New York.





# LIFE



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN; HERE'S A MAN WHOSE SON WAS DECORATED FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION"

## The Biograph

*William Gibbs McAdoo*

THE Who, pre-eminently Who,  
Is William Gibbs, the McAdoo  
(Whom I should like to hail, but daren't,  
As Royal Prince and Heir Apparent).  
A Man of high Intrinsic Worth,  
The Greatest Son-in-Law on Earth  
With all the Burdens thence accruing,  
He's always up and McAdooing  
From Sun to Star and Star to Sun—  
His Work is never McAdone.  
He regulates our Circumstances—  
Our Buildings, Industries, Finances  
And Railways, while the wires buzz  
To tell us what he McAdoes.  
He gave us (Heaven bless the Giver!)  
The Tubes beneath the Hudson River.

I don't believe he ever hid  
A single Thing he McAdid.  
His name appears on Scrip and Tissue,  
On Bonds of each successive Issue,  
On Coupons bright and Posters rare,  
And every Pullman Bill-of-Fare.

### *Postscript*

But while, with sympathetic Croodlings,  
I sing his varied McAdoodlings  
And write these Eulogistic Lines,  
That thankless McAdoo resigns!

*Arthur Guiterman.*

WHO made the rule that the people  
shall be kept in the dark?

## For All the Hot Summers

**F**OLKS are not at this time of year thinking very much of mid-summer heat. In fact it is very difficult for them at this season to picture poor little children in the city slums suffering and even dying from heat and bad air.

But just now very many persons are receiving their allotments of Liberty Bonds, and in some cases are embarrassed as to their safe-keeping. On that account LIFE makes bold to refer to so unseasonable a subject as its Fresh Air Endowments.

LIFE has received from Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, Great Lakes Training Station, two hundred dollars in bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 14

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA and JANE VAN MIDDLEWORTH SOUSA.

LIFE has received from Mr. Frederick H. Morley, Lejano, Santa Barbara, California, two hundred dollars in bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 15

Mr. and Mrs. FREDERICK H. MORLEY.

LIFE has received from Dr. Alfred A. Blackman, Colorado Springs, Colorado, two hundred dollars in bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 16

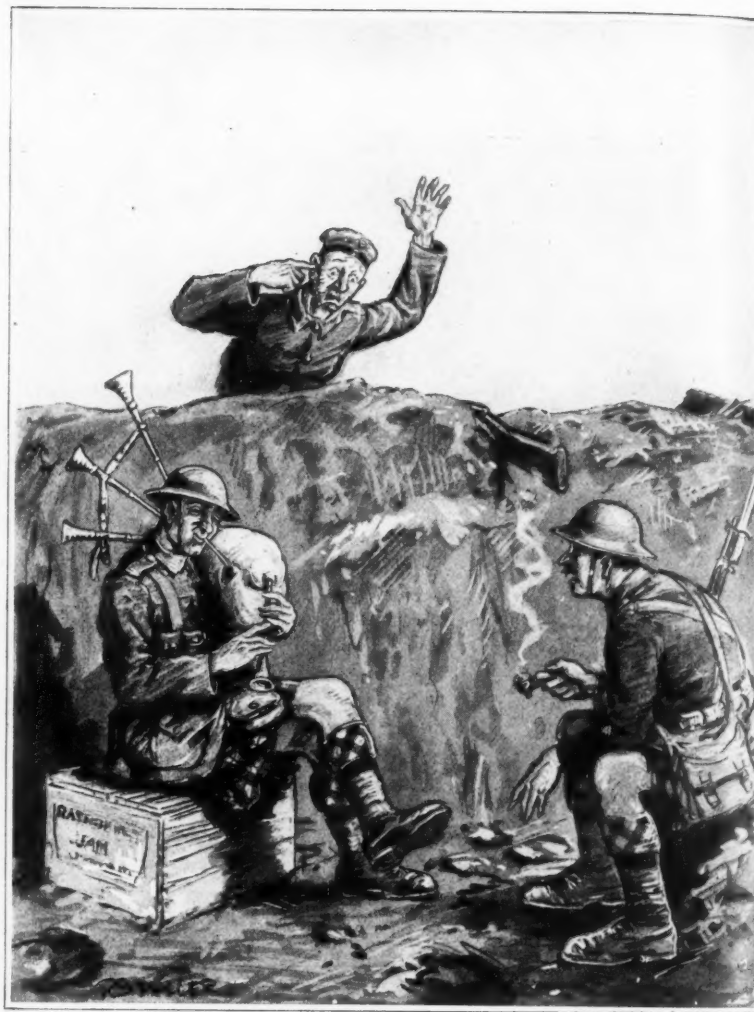
In memory of RUSSELL ATWATER BLACKMAN.

LIFE has received from Mr. William E. Mott, Westernville, N. Y., two hundred dollars in bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 17

The ELIZABETH PARMELEE MOTT Fund.

From an anonymous donor LIFE has



"KAMERAD!"



MORNING INSPECTION

received two hundred dollars to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 18

In memory of MARGARET WHITETHORN. Died at Cornwall-on-Hudson, July 19, 1918.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Liberty Loan 4½-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-one years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.

## Binding the Adversary

**R**OUGHLY speaking, the purpose of the Peace Conference at Versailles will be to bind the Devil for a thousand years.

A bold undertaking! A huge undertaking! Seems impossible!

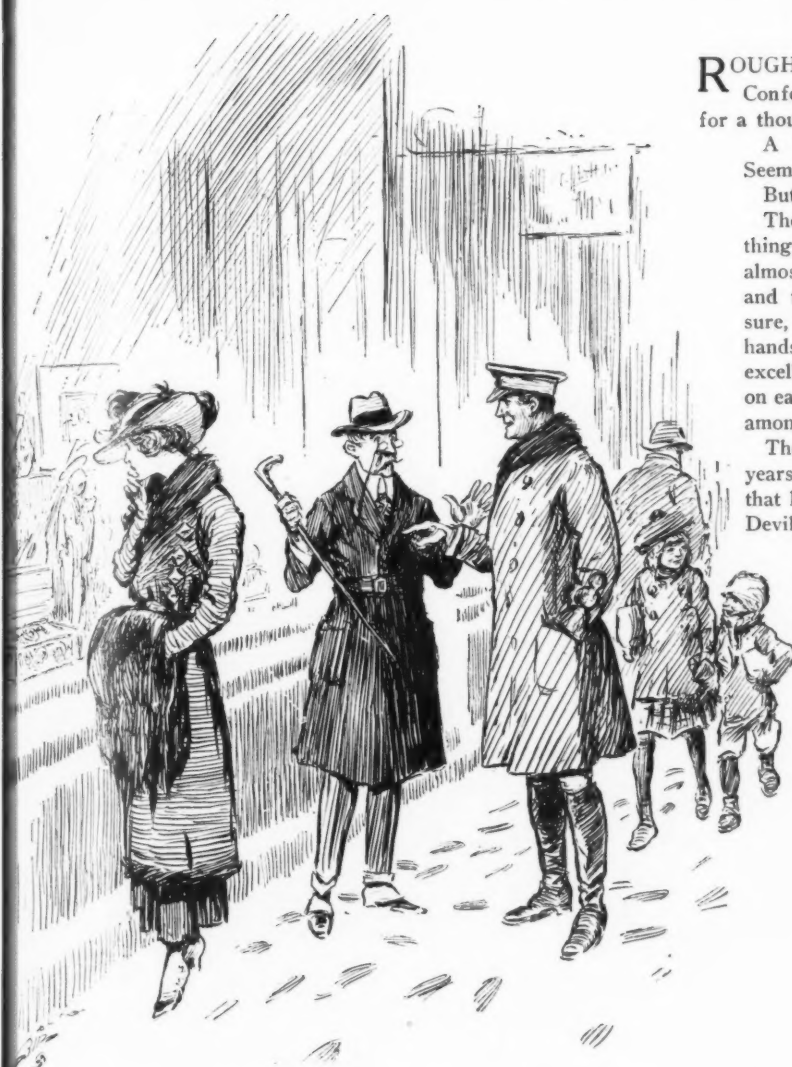
But will anything less suffice?

There is a tradition of long standing that this thing would one day be done. The saints for almost two thousand years have counted on it, and taken courage in their expectation. To be sure, they did not look for it to be done by human hands, but by celestial powers, but they expected excellent results to follow for humanity—peace on earth, and general forbearance and good nature among the nations.

The Old Boy has cut up unusually the last four years. It may be recalled that Mr. Choate said that he had been skeptical of the existence of the Devil, but that the early incidents of the war had cured him of his doubts. The Adversary has been on the loose, and still is mighty active, especially in Russia. The celestial powers seem not to be bothering about him, and if he is to be tied up it looks as though we must look to ourselves to do it.

That must be the reason why Mr. Wilson is going to France. He seems to have sized up the job there for what it is, and concluded that he has a distinct call to get in on it.

And truly if there is a man now living whom one would pick to be group leader in an effort to bind the Devil,



"MY WIFE IS A NICE WOMAN, BUT SHE SIMPLY HAS NO IDEA ABOUT MONEY."  
"PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER GIVEN HER A CHANCE TO FIND OUT ABOUT IT."

### Too Lengthy

**THE SELFMAKER:** Rather nice affair of ours this, eh? Nothing small about me! I remember the time when I couldn't afford it. But I love to blow in the dough.

**THE MANNERBORNER:** You'll get tired of it when you've been at it as long as I have.

"No, sir! That's the beauty of being self-made. It takes so long to do the trick that you don't have enough time left over afterwards to get tired."

### The Silver Lining

**T**HE late Kaiser looked glum enough as he eyed the drastic terms of his inevitable restriction. But suddenly his face cleared, and he gave a sigh of relief. "There is one consolation," he murmured; "this disgraceful agreement will open up all lines of communication, and I shall again receive regularly my Hearst American."

*IS it constitutional for the President to appoint himself a Foreign Ambassador without the advice and consent of the Senate?*



"The girl I left behind me"  
Is a mighty nifty song,  
But, by Jove, I'll have to change it to  
"The girl I took along!"





THE ONLY KIND OF TEARS THERE'D BE IF THE EX-KAISER WERE TO DIE

that man is Mr. Wilson. He has had good success with subordinate devils of various sorts, and is a game man and a resourceful fighter.

Does everyone applaud his purpose to go to France on this consecrated errand?

No. Plenty of people deprecate his purpose. Many are afraid that he won't succeed, but many others are afraid he will. For the truth is, Society is used to the Devil, and would miss him like everything if he were impounded. Not only the bad would be chagrined at the resulting difficulties of sin, but many excellent people would be scandalized at the scrapping of an order which they understood and adorned, and the substitution of one in which they would be strangers looking for their places.

The Senate grumbles a good deal about the President's disposition to go abroad. But does the Senate want the Devil bound? Would Boies Penrose haul on the rope that bound him for a thousand years?

Not on your life! What good would the remnant of his energies be to Boies with the Devil bound?

Would Reed Smoot bind him? Where would Mormondom proceed to if you bound the Devil?

Weeks would say: Why do it? Boston's good enough now.

And Mr. Lodge! What would the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate find to do with the Devil bound, and the world cured of war and shooed away from greediness? There would still be foreign relations of a sort, but

of so different a sort that Senator Lodge's learning and experience would be a Zeppelin in a skyful of airplanes.

Senator Young-James Wadsworth of New York might think it unsportsmanlike to bind the Devil, or he might not, but certainly he would want particulars about the effect on human life. He is a farmer, and knows what unexpected pests may develop when some other pest that kept them down is destroyed.

And the Colonel! The most that could be expected of the Colonel in the case of a collision between Satan and Woodrow would be strict neutrality. Possibly he would not be comfortless if it was Woodrow who was bound.

One can hear thousands of worthy people saying to themselves: This proposal to bind the Devil is radical and unsettling. It may be very bad for business. If it goes through, who knows whose turn will come next?

But, gracious! Is anybody going to try it for fun? Travel about in northern France and Belgium, or, if you can't, read the papers. This world cannot stand very much of what was done there. If the old order leads to such doings, and to such expenditures, and to such mortalities and cruelties and miseries and miscellaneous abominations and bereavements as the last four years have seen, the old order must go. Humanity cannot stand these things.

If Mr. Wilson can think of ways to bind the Devil, here's luck to him! It needs to be done.

E. S. M.

### To My Soldier

THINK of me waiting, as the old house waits—

(Door on the jar, the latch-string always out,

Rooms left unchanged, fires in the cheery grates,

The same familiar knick-knacks strewn about)—

And, like the lamp that never fails at night

Its wordless welcome from the porch to burn,

Know that my love glows with a constant light,

Pointing the path till home your footsteps turn!

Mazie V. Caruthers.

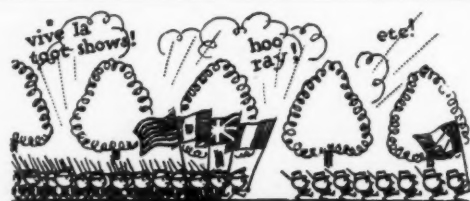


SOMEWHERE IN HOLLAND





THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST



When Belgium heads the Allies Under-the-Linden

Insignias of everything  
from Field Marshal  
down

Well, I hope  
mother and the  
kid brother  
are satisfied!



Sad fate of doughboy who lived up to fond opinions



But I *can't* pay for idt,  
because I  
must fairst  
reimburse  
mein war  
bond  
investors!

Sign of a renaissance of german humor



Suggestion for a hun coin of restitution

An' to tink o' me  
foightin' fer howme  
rrale fer ivery  
country but  
me own!  
o wurra wurra!



O Paddy dear!

Shake, fritzie!  
You size up  
as likely  
material!



O, yah! Ve wouldn't  
oondershtandt  
anyting dot's  
honest or  
straightforwardt,  
—yet!

NEW GERMAN  
REPUBLIC

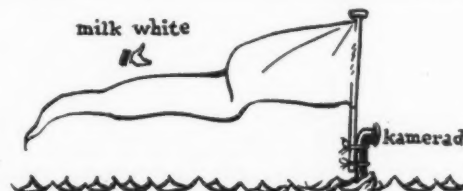
Great opportunity for some American ward politicians

sixth?  
maybe



O, it's coming! Don't say you weren't forewarned

milk white



The U-boats adopted a "home pennant"



Post-war attractions for tourists in Switzerland

Say, Woody,  
I'll trade  
you my  
four shrap  
for that  
TNT agate  
of yorn!



You're on, Persh!  
Wait till I drop this  
barrage shot into that  
bunch!



Nicknames in the coming generation

## Henry Ford to be an Editor

ONE reads that Henry Ford is going to start a weekly paper.

Henry has the money, but where will he get the brains?

He may have them himself. He is a very interesting man. His mind is an interesting mind. He has lots of imagination, and is seldom sure beforehand that a thing that he wants to do cannot be done.

All these are important qualifications for a man who wants to start a weekly paper. And the money is important, and Henry has that. Maybe if he gave himself up to this adventure as he did to making the great Ford car he might get away with it. But it will be a very hard matter to deputize. It takes real brains to start a paper that is any good, and more brains and long-continued application to establish it and keep it going. Henry doesn't know how to do it. He might almost as well attempt to paint a picture. To be sure, if he wants a picture he can hire a painter, and if he wants a weekly paper he can hire editors. But important papers have never been made in that way. The man who aspires to make a paper should hire everyone whom he thinks will be useful to him, but the main job he must do himself. He must hold the baby in his lap and feed it day by day with a spoon, giving it also what nourishment there may be in himself.

Quantity production of reading matter begins and ends with printing presses. Editing is a form of art, and there is no such thing as quantity production of high art. You cannot put the forms of a paper on a carrier and have fellows drop in pictures, editorials, stories, poems and the other material as they pass. All you would get by that



HOW YOUR NEWSPAPER SEEMS NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER

method would be a jumble, and though you might reproduce it by the million it would still be a jumble.

But Henry is intelligent, and may realize these things, and if he gets a good enough editor, he may be able to make a worth-while paper. It must be interesting to be worth while, and if it is to be interesting he must catch interesting men to write it. Why doesn't he try to get E. W. Howe of Atchison! Mr. Howe is almost as ignorant of a whole lot of things as Henry himself is, but he is an incurably interesting writer. His mind is interesting. It is made that way, and the fact that he is likely to be wrong in his opinions on most subjects would not much affect his value to Henry Ford's projected weekly.

## A Cruel Critic

SOON after the *Daily Trumpeter*, complying with the government's request to conserve paper, came out printed on material very much thinner than what had ever before been used in its makeup, the editor received a message of appreciation that was decidedly distasteful to him.

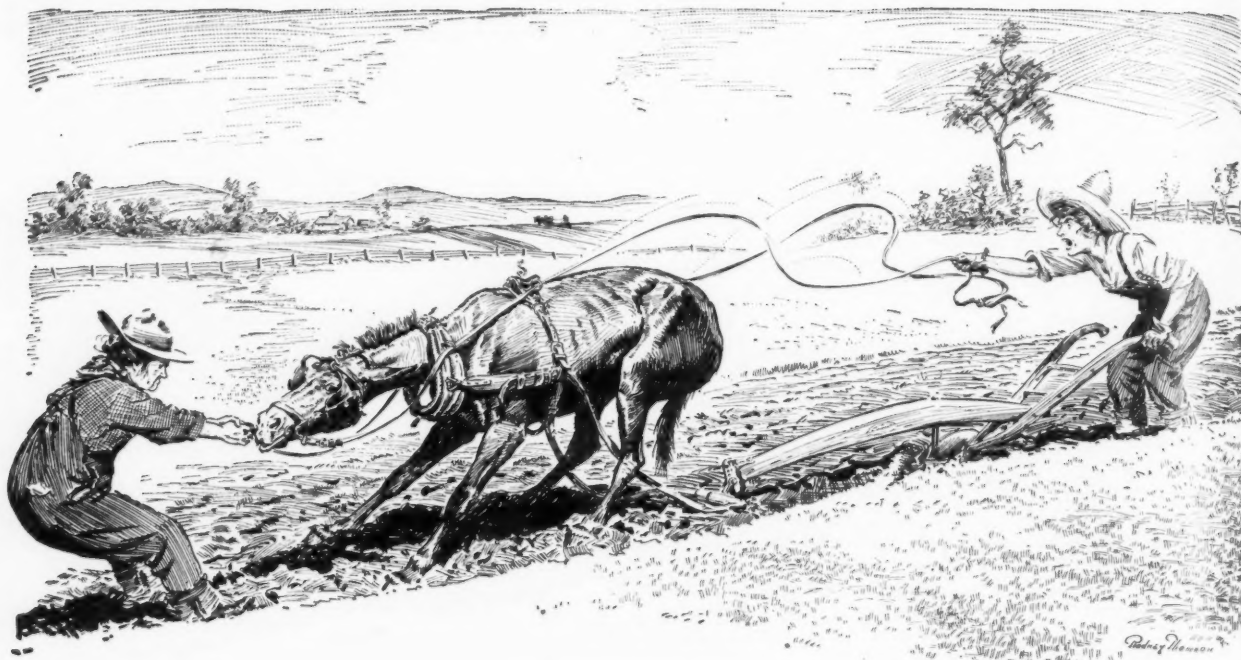
"Dear sir," he read, "permit me to express my thankfulness for the thinness of the paper now being used for your *Trumpeter*. This thinness was the only thing needed to enable me to call your sheet, with complete truthfulness, 'a tissue of lies.'"

*IS President Wilson the only American who can safeguard American interests at the Peace Conference?*



"I HAVE A TERRIBLE PAIN IN MY STOMACH, DOCTOR."

"WHEREABOUTS IS YOUR STOMACH—NORTH, SOUTH, EAST OR WEST?"



THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

### The Winner

SOMEbody said that it couldn't be done,  
 But he with a chuckle denied it—  
 That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one  
 Who wouldn't say no till he'd tried it!  
 So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin  
 On his face—if he worried, he hid it.  
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
 That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll *never* do that.  
 Or, at least, no one ever has done it."  
 But he only laughed while his enemies chaffed,  
 And the first thing they knew he'd begun it!  
 He went right ahead with an optimist's smile,  
 With never a thought that he'd rue it;  
 For he made up his mind that the man worth while  
 Would always make good, and he'd do it.

Thousands will tell you it cannot be done;  
 Thousands of friends, too, will fail you;  
 Thousands will point to you, one by one,  
 The dangers that wait to assail you.  
 But "hustle like sin," and you're sure to win;  
 So take off your coat and "go to it!"  
 Despair will take wing as you tackle the thing  
 That couldn't be done, and you'll do it!

*Dorothy Harpur O'Neill.*

**WHO** remembers the old-fashioned President who was  
 deterred by precedent?

### Suggestions for New Operations

UPON the Germans, for the removal of cruelty and a  
 'sense of dishonor.

Upon a well known actress, for temperament.

Upon Claude Kitchin, for sectionalism.

Upon the press, for truckling to financial interests.

Upon the Bureau for Public Misinformation, for waste  
 of good material.

From whom everything should be removed: The Bolshe-  
 viki, Turkey and Hearst.

### The Eternal Feminine

"WHAT horrid life-preservers!"

"But so necessary."

"Still, it does seem as if the government might have  
 made an effort to make them more becoming."



GETTING EVEN





"AT LEAST THEY MIGHT WAIT UNTIL I'VE FINISHED OVER THERE!"



THE RIFT IN THE LOOT

### When the Peace Conference Is On

I READ the copious Creelograms that come across the sea,  
And I wonder what is happening over there.  
The lengthy statement of details is placed in front of me;  
Still, I wonder what is happening over there.  
I wouldn't hint, you understand, that Brother Creel would lie,  
Although he's not that other George, who couldn't if he'd try.  
Yet when his censored yarn assails my Didymistic eye,  
I wonder what is happening over there.

With Artie Burleson on guard at every cable end,  
One wonders what is happening over there.  
With nothing coming, only what G. C. will let them send,  
We wonder what is happening over there.  
We used to watch the sheets for several versions of the news;  
Instead of that we're now regaled with one observer's views.  
How can he have such privilege and never once abuse?  
I wonder what is happening over there!

"One Wilson from the U. S. A. is dominating things"—  
I wonder what is happening over there.  
"Our Woodrow stands ace-high above that measly bunch  
of kings"—  
I'd like to know what's happening over there.  
If Welliver or Ackerman were there to snoop about,  
If Blythe or Irvin Cobb were free to give a warning shout.  
The facts about the conference would certainly get out—  
I wonder what is happening over there!

Strickland Gillilan.

**WHICH** is more important, the promulgation of personal views in Europe or personal attention to the business of the American people?



DREAM OF AN INVENTIVE ARTILLERYMAN



Mother: WILLIE, HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD TO BABY WHILE I WAS OUT?

"YES, MA, AN' HE KIN ALMOST SWIM NOW."



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

## When Johnny Comes Sailing Home

(A Few Preliminaries)

**E**NLARGED piers to accommodate waiting relatives.

Physical culture to enable mother's ribs to withstand his embrace.

Earlier hours: he is accustomed to getting up at five o'clock and retiring at nine.

Daily romps with Fido (who has grown fat and wheezy), to get him in shape for his master's return.

Arrange so that he may have a few moments of the first hour alone with the girl who wears the little diamond-starred service pin.

Coax the cook into preparing larger portions of more substantial food—but it won't require much coaxing.

Bake his favorite pie; place his favorite chair before the fire, his favorite lounging robe across it and his old house-slippers in front of it.



THE LADIES OF THE ADVANCED CLASS IN MECHANICS GET A HALF-HOUR'S INSTRUCTION ON "HOW TO SWEAR AT OBSTINATE COTTER-PINS" FROM PROF. MIKE MUGGINS (LATE OF THE SOAKEM GARAGE COMPANY)





DECEMBER 12  
1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 72  
No. 1885

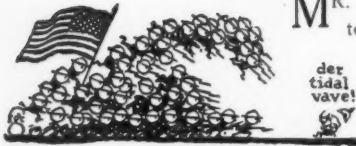
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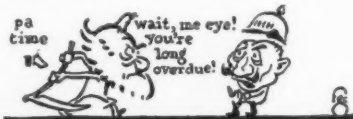


**MR.** WILSON'S speech to Congress was quite long (for him) and very agreeable reading. He talked like an angel

about our efforts in the war, and gave everybody, military and civilian, the praises and congratulations they had earned. He gave great praise to women war-workers, but none too much, and emphasized the duty of rewarding them with the suffrage as heartily as though they all wanted it. He spoke of taxes and of the urgent need that Congress should determine immediately what they will be for the next three years, so that business can know what to count on. He made suggestions about employing such returning soldiers as need work in the reclamation of public lands. He urged the ratification of a treaty of friendliness and adjustment with Columbia. He urged Congress to take measures to favor the destroyed parts of Belgium and Northern France, so that they should have a fighting chance to resume industrial life. He discussed the railroad situation; expounded how big a problem was the future of the roads now operated by the government, admitted that he had not yet any solution to offer and begged the help of Congress in finding one. All his address was interesting. He did not drone along on any subject. Finally he came to what everyone particularly wanted to know—his reasons for going abroad.

The Allied governments, he said, had accepted the bases of peace that he had outlined in a speech to Congress last January, and very reasonably desired his personal counsel in their interpre-

tation and application. He thought he ought to give it, and to see to it, in so far as he could, that no false or mistaken interpretation is put upon his statements of the ideals for which our soldiers have fought, and no possible effort omitted to realize them. And he said that at his request the French and British governments had removed the censorship of cable news, and that under advice of experienced cable officials, he had taken over the cables temporarily, so that the American people might better and more fully keep tab on the peace proceedings and their President's part in them.



**PRAISE** Heaven, our good man had the nerve to break with precedents and go to Paris, where the great job called him. It is not convenient to have him go. He admitted that. There are concerns of great importance to be looked after here. Of some of the most pressing of them he spoke to Congress, for they are largely Congressional duties. He might wait on Congress here to good advantage, and prod it up, and find something else of importance to do every day. But the big job is over there, and of all men in the world, Mr. Wilson is the one who should be busy with it.

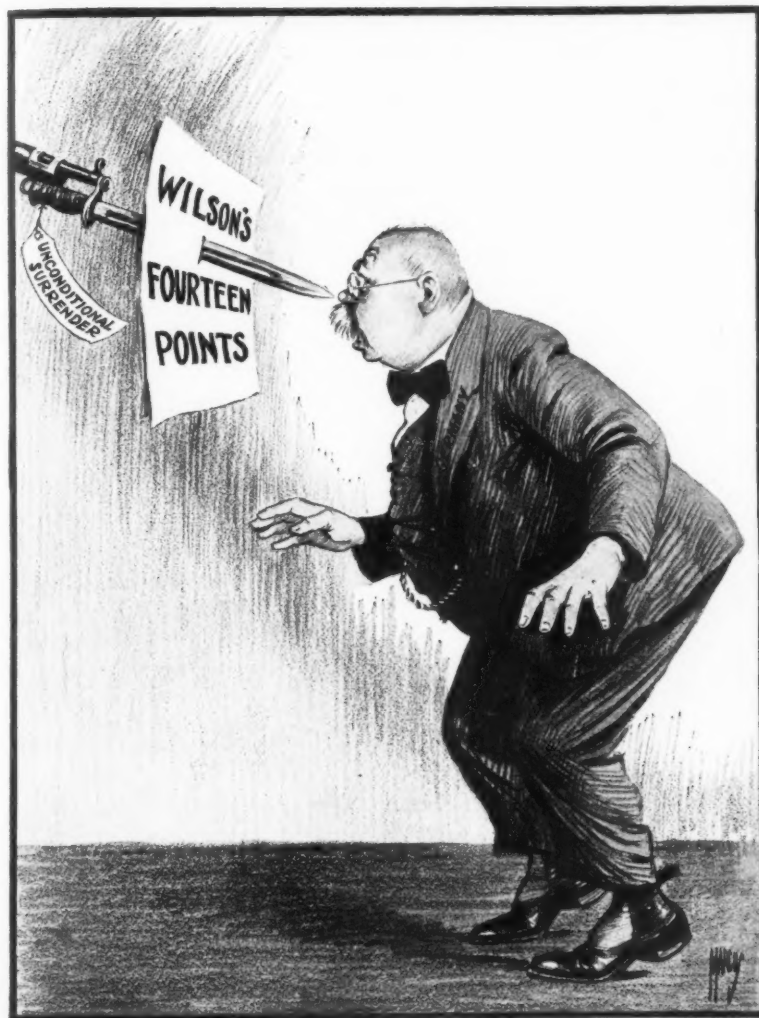
The wails of the Republicans over his departure have been most amusing. Also their displeasure with his choice of companions. Lansing, House, Bliss and White! Some of the Republican papers printed pictures of former peace emissaries—Franklin, Jay, Adams and

the like—with exhortation to look at them and now at these. But in earlier times when squads of the Fathers were sent over to make treaties, it usually happened that they disagreed violently with one another, and that it was more trouble to get them to consent among themselves than to come to terms with the emissaries sent to treat with them. The gentlemen who sit in with Mr. Wilson as our representatives in the Peace Council seem likely at least to agree in spirit, and to aid one another by counsel instead of confusing judgment. No one disputes that Mr. Lansing is fit to go. Colonel House is Colonel House. Those who know his qualifications will rejoice to have him at the peace table. General Bliss is a military expert and Mr. Henry White is a master of details of diplomacy and of Europe. Politically, it is not a strong, representative body of advertised Americans. Actually, it is a collection of very efficient men, who will work well together and are likely to do good service both to their own country and to Europe.



**T**HE fuss that will be made over Mr. Wilson in Europe will, of course, be very notable indeed wherever it gets a chance to explode. He is not only the leading representative of the people of the United States, who are popular in Western Europe just now, but he has personally a fabulous reputation in all parts of Europe among people, common people, chiefly, who hope for relief from sorrow and suffering, and for the dawn of liberty and peace and better times. Here he is the Democratic President, scorned and distrusted by most of the Republican gentry, hated by most of the Republican politicians and many Democratic dittoes, and doubted by many excellent persons who would be glad to have faith in him if they could. But over there he is the hope of the oppressed and the succor of the starving. He represents to Europe the conscience and the heart of the Great Republic, and besides that, his own vision of a world ordered in liberty and justice. It may embarrass him to represent so much, but he is not easily embarrassed, and more likely it will





THE WAY IT HAPPENED

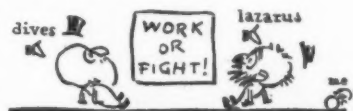
just warm him up. We hope he will have a good time in Europe, but that is not very important. He will have to work hard, and one's best wish for him is that he may keep fit, and make good in the interpretation and application of he ever memorable fourteen points.



**N**OTHING in Mr. Wilson's speech was more interesting and appealing than what he said of the need to do something about the restoration of the industrial life of Northern France

and Belgium. Everybody knows how those countries have been the special victims of German villainy. Their factories were carefully inspected by German experts, who sent to Germany whatever machinery could be useful there, and destroyed the rest. The purpose was to put Belgium and Northern France out of the competition with Germany in manufactures for all time. It will, of course, be part of the duty of the Peace Congress to see to it that that purpose is not fulfilled. But it will be difficult to compass it; a great emergency job, to be put through by extraordinary means. Mr. Wilson's suggestion of priorities of export and supply, established by the War Trade Board

for these plundered regions, results, no doubt, from expert consideration and advice, and is doubtless good.



**M**R. McADOO was a great war minister.

For once he had enough to do.

His disposition was always to invade other fellows' jobs, and especially when things lagged, to do them himself. The war gave him his great opportunity, and he got away with it in an astonishing fashion.

He has been a prodigious Secretary of the Treasury. Considerably under his direction the new currency system, which has worked so admirably under great strains, was put into effect. All along, after 1914, he was hot to get into the war on the Allies' side, though often suspected by foreign secret service men of being pro-German. When, finally, we did get in, like Hamilton, "he smote the rock of the natural resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." Thereupon he threw the money into the war by carloads. It was magnificent, and it *was* war. Even his enemies and critics had to admit, and did, the velocity of his will and the amplitude of his methods.

Then, when the railroads were taken over he gobbled up the huge job of their direction and got away with that.

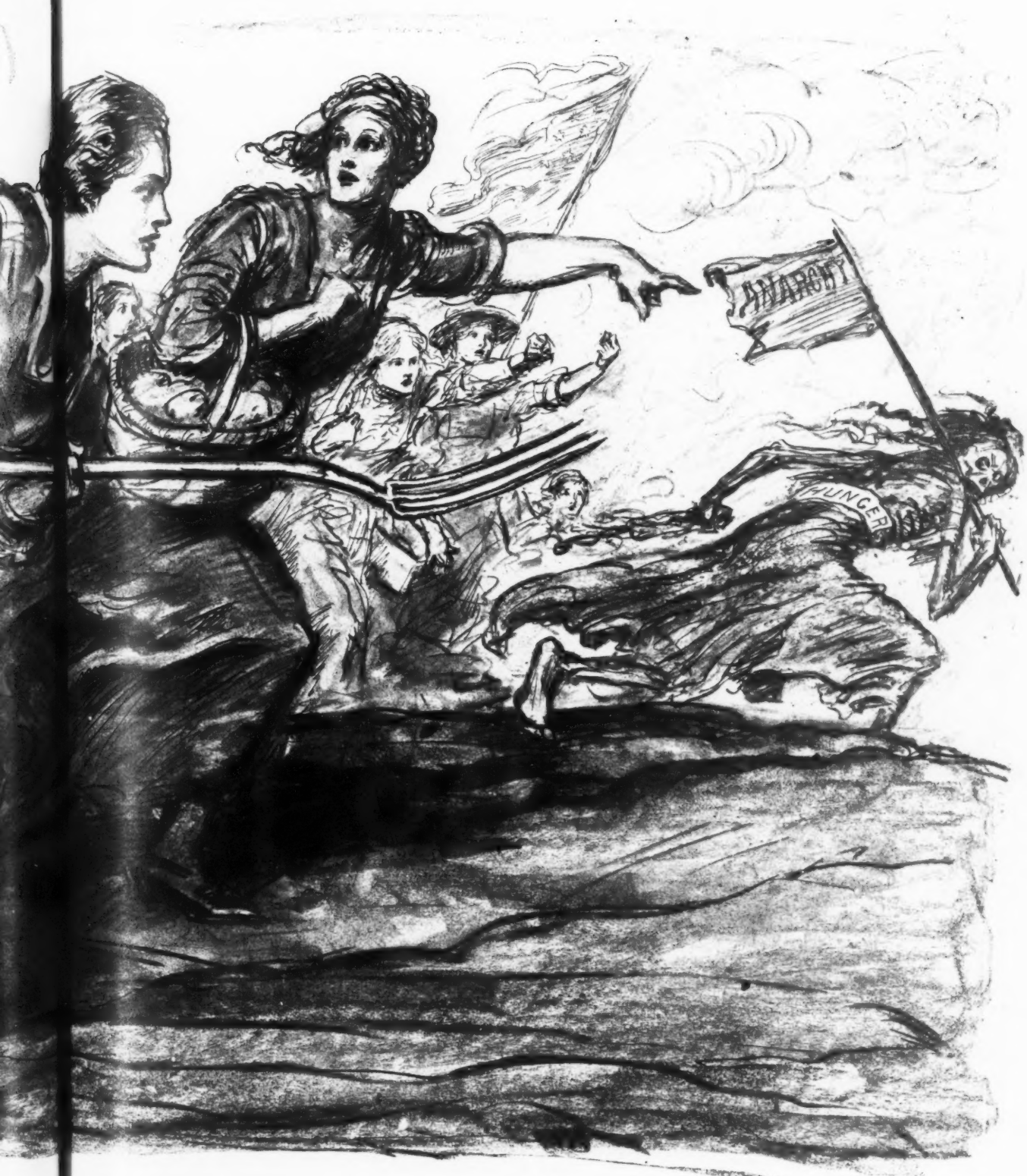
He has been splendid! We congratulate him on the prospect of getting back to private life and profitable service.

When he gave as one reason for quitting that the government had not paid him enough to live on, some simple-minded paper croaked that things were coming to a bad pass when a man could not live on twelve thousand dollars a year. It did not understand how expensive it is to do as much work as Mr. McAdoo has done. A great many people do not understand that. They think there is no real reason why a railroad president should be paid more than a stoker. But there are reasons; sound ones. The high jobs are very expensive, and to maintain a high-class worker in high office at top speed takes a good deal of money. Just as a fast ship is excessively consumptive of coal, so the maintenance charges of the high-speed head-workers are heavy.

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The R Flag

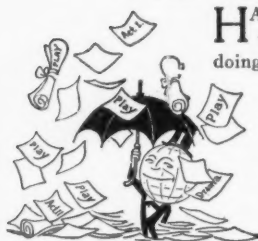


The Red Flag





### The Theatrical Patient is Convalescent



HAVING recovered from their recent attack of war and influenza, the New York theatres are doing a booming business. A glance at the Guide will show that most of the houses have well established successes and that there is entertainment for every taste. Even Shakespeare gets a hearing in Mr. Mantell's interpretation of his principal characters, and, of course, neither sex drama nor the girl-and-music industry is entirely neglected. It must be a very captious playgoer who from the whole long list cannot choose something to suit his liking without offending his prejudices. It seems a safe assertion to state that New York never had at one time so many plays of such a generally high standard in staging and performance.

SERIOUS in theme but undeniably interesting in story and character depiction is "Little Brother," which is also the medium for some very fine acting by Messrs. Walker Whiteside, Tyrone Power and their associates. It is not a play for the t. b. m. nor for those who recognize only the girl-and-music combination as possible stage entertainment. It has a powerful interest, though, for persons who care for the contest in drama skilfully developed and to see interpretations of characters in spheres humbler than their own instead of drawn from American and European aristocracy.

The story is based on the old feud of Jew and Christian, starting in a Russian pogrom and carried to its finish in Jewish homes in New York's East Side. The main characters are a Rabbi, made pathetic, eloquent and admirable by Mr. Whiteside, and a fiery Russian priest, embodied strongly and movingly by Mr. Power. The comic relief seems crude by comparison, but is in its way quite as true to the life portrayed in the play. Lovers of real drama and good acting will not find their time wasted in witnessing a performance of "Little Brother."



THOSE who were interested in the wanderings of Tytyl and Mytyl in "The Blue Bird" will find the former's adventures continued in the same author's "The Betrothal." Here Tytyl is looking for a wife instead of for happiness as in the former piece. Perhaps the author did not intend the irony conveyed by differentiating the two quests. Incidentally he is accompanied by six charming girls who wished to fill the position, but after consulting both his ancestors and his descendants he puts the six aside in favor of an unknown, who

WITH Burselson and Creel controlling the cables, who shall say that the new system of autocracy doesn't work?

turns out to be the little girl across the way in "The Blue Bird."

"The Betrothal" contains some beautiful stage pictures and effective scenes, changing with the aid of colored draperies skilfully employed. As poetic and symbolic spectacle it seems to be above the heads of children for whom it was perhaps intended, and its interest in line and story is rather infantile for adults, unless they wish to speculate on whether there is foundation for the author's contention that in choosing our spouses we are influenced by our ancestors and our unborn descendants.



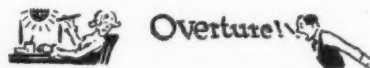
ROADS OF DESTINY" is an ingenious fantasy showing not very clearly nor conclusively how Fate would have dealt with a little collection of characters if at a vital moment in their lives they had chosen the different alternatives of action open to them. The piece is not a play in the sense of developing a plot, but holds the interest through curiosity as to just how the different episodes are going to develop. There is also a relief in seeing the members of the company shift their personalities in their different environments. Messrs. John Milner and Edmond have with Florence Reed borne the brunt of the task, and were successful in keeping the audience attentive through their transitions. "Roads of Destiny," although not a play, has a wierd and peculiar interest.



IN "A Place in the Sun" the actor-author has contrived a very happy balance of fun and seriousness. The streaks of fat and lean are so nicely alternated that each makes the other more enjoyable. To himself Mr. Harcourt has given the rôle of an irresponsible and bibulous journalist not very necessary to the plot, but valuable as a laugh factor. The other acting honors accrue principally to Messrs. Trevor and Holliday and to the Misses Merle Maddern and Peggy Hopkins, the latter displaying unexpected abilities as a legitimate comedienne. "A Place in the Sun" is a light serio-comedy whose clever lines and situations commend it in its present acting as very good amusement indeed.



IT is a pity so talented a young woman as Florence Nash—and this applies to several other young women whose names appear in large type on programmes—had not realized one important fact before she accepted stellar honors. It is that her individuality should be suited to her rôle, or that by study or otherwise she should adapt her individuality to the rôle. *Remnant*, in the play of that title, was a Parisian *gamine* in 1840. Florence Nash could be a very thorough New York *gamine* in 1918, but there is nothing about her to suggest Paris in 1840, or at any other period. What she does in the part is amusing and intelligent, but it is out of key with the surroundings. As a play, "Remnant" is in the Latin-Quarter vein with the unconventionality not made particularly romantic or inviting by the story. Even with the Frenchiest of *gamines* in the title part it would not carry one off one's feet.



JANE COWL, having recovered from her temperamental attack in "The Crowded Hour," the officers in command of the Allies and the Huns decided to let the war go on. Not every war is held up to let telephone girls who are trying



to steal other ladies' husbands have hysterics and then repent themselves into giving up their stealing, but Jane Cowl is not amenable to the military laws governing telephone girls in the front lines of battle. An ordinary telephone girl would have been put under arrest if she had tried to bawl out a war, but not so a telephone girl of the Jane Cowl type. Nor is the war in "A Crowded Hour" an ordinary war, either. It is a war subordinated to a New York cabaret love affair. Hence "The Crowded Hour" is the kind of a war play it is.

Metcalfe.

### CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

**Astor.**—"Little Simplicity," by Young and Barrett. A fair example of the usual kind of girl-and-music show.

**Belasco.**—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. Interesting, well played and well staged sex drama.

**Belmont.**—"Little Brother," by Messrs. Goldsmith and James. See above.

**Bijou.**—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Guitry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. Cleverly conversational farcical comedy with its theme the stealing of a wife.

**Booth.**—"Be Calm, Camilla," by Clare Kummer. Light American comedy brightly written and charmingly played.

**Broadhurst.**—"Ladies First," by Messrs. Sloane and Smith, with Nora Bayes. Fun and music with the star at her best.

**Casino.**—"Sometime," Girl-and-music show of the regular grade.

**Central.**—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. Old-fashioned rural, sentimental drama with a dash of war sauce.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Spy drama with a holding plot and good acting.

**Comedy.**—"A Place in the Sun," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. See above.

**Cort.**—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bainsfather and Eliot. The highly amusing comedy of the trenches made from the artist's sketches and excellently played.

**Criterion.**—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Diverting study in bachelor character with three interesting specimens.

**Eltinge.**—"Under Orders," by Mr. Berte Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hall. Ingenious and moving drama based on the war and ably interpreted by the two artists who make up the cast.

**Empire.**—"The Saving Grace," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, with Mr. Cyril Maude. Light English comedy, politely done.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—Mr. Robert Mantell in repertory of Shakespearian drama, creditably presented.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Big Chance," by Messrs. Morris and Mack. Well acted drama showing some of the effects of the war on character.

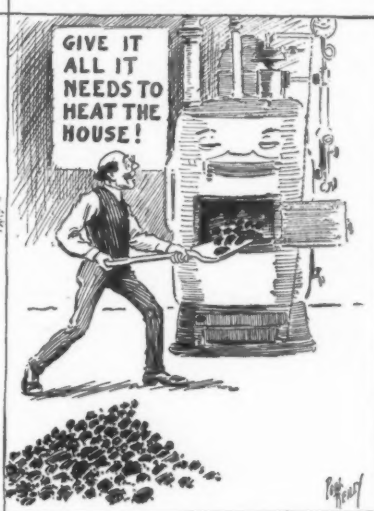
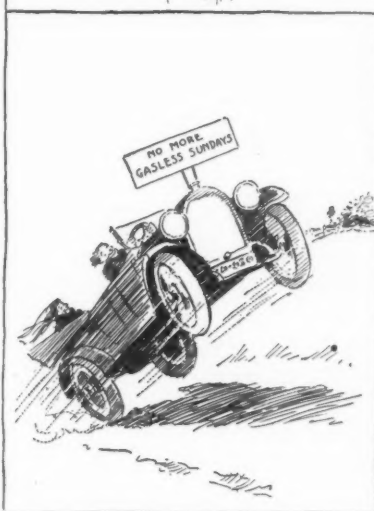
**French.**—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Weekly changing bill of good representations.

**Fulton.**—"A Stitch in Time," by Bailey and Meaney. Not very strong play of the underella type as a medium for the sweetness and prettiness of Irene Fenwick.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Laughable comedy of the divorce interests in Reno with a well drawn central character.

**Globe.**—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Girl-and-music show with the customary appeal.

**Harris.**—"The Riddle: Woman" with Mme. Kalich. Drama of blackmail with the star in a picturesque rôle.



POSSIBLE PEACE CELEBRATIONS

**Henry Miller's.**—Closed.

**Hippodrome.**—"Everything." Spectacle, ballet and vaudeville acts.

**Hudson.**—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. Well acted pathetic and amusing depiction of the problems that confronted Americans of German birth during the late war.

**Longacre.**—"Nothing but Lies" with Mr. William Collier. The always mirth-compelling star in an amusing setting.

**Lyceum.**—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Well staged and well acted American comedy with the interest derived from the moving effect of the French war orphans on the bachelor heart.

**Lyric.**—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. Novel element in an original crime melodrama.

**Manhattan.**—Last week of "The Auctioneer" with Mr. David Warfield. The star's familiar and artistic picturing of a type of the East-Side Jew.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Extremely brilliant American polite comedy, very well done.

**Morosco.**—"The Remnant," by Messrs. Nicodemi and Morton, with Florence Nash. See above.

**Park.**—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. Good presentation of the lighter standard operas.

**Playhouse.**—"Home Again," derived from

the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. Amusing types and episodes from Indiana with a poetic touch.

**Plymouth.**—Tolstoi's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. The star's impressive personification of a degenerate type in Russian drama.

**Princess.**—"Oh, My Dear," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Hirsch. Notice later.

**Republic.**—Florence Reed in "Roads of Destiny." See above.

**Selwyn.**—"The Crowded Hour," by Messrs. Selwyn and Pollock, with Jane Cowl. See above.

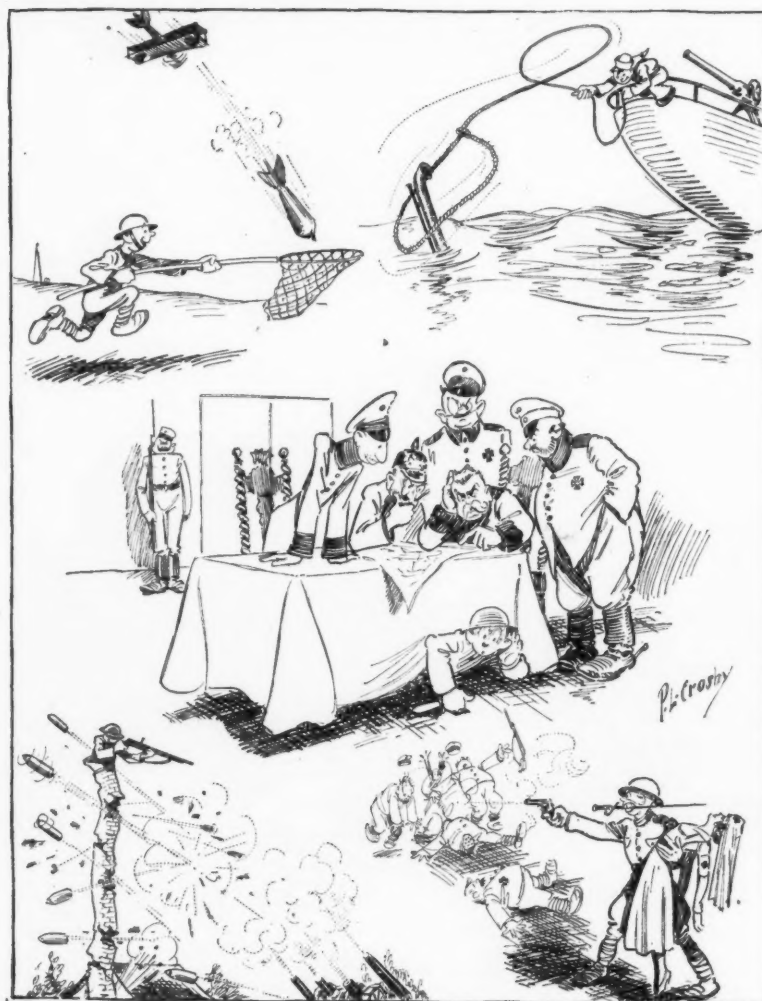
**Shubert.**—"The Betrothal." Sequel to "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck. See above.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"Betty at Bay," by Jessie Porter. Notice later.

**Vanderbilt.**—"The Matinée Hero," by Messrs. Dittrichstein and Thomas, with the former in the title rôle. Domestic life of the successful actor turned into diverting and well played comedy.

**Winter Garden.**—"Sinbad," having celebrated its three hundredth birthday, demonstrates that girls and music are the proper restorative for the t. b. m.

**Is the author of "The New Freedom" also the author of the New Slavery?**



D. S. C. STUFF

### A Shattered Ideal

THE up-to-date business man, habituated to the constant use of all modern labor-saving devices, arrived in heaven on schedule time.

The following morning he approached St. Peter and said:

"You haven't got a second-hand motor car that I can spend about an hour oiling up, have you?"

"No, sir."

He lounged around uneasily until nine o'clock, and came up once more.

"Beg pardon, but about this time of day I am accustomed to arrive at my office. You couldn't supply me with a handsome stenographer, could you? I

won't be happy unless I can dictate something to somebody."

"Nothing like that here."

"I notice there are no telephones

around. Unless I can be called up at irregular intervals, just when I am in the midst of something important, I shall be completely upset."

"No such thing here."

"How about taxes? I feel an urgent need of going over my personal income-tax report and trying to unravel it. I feel the absolute need of having a generous amount of financial despair in my daily life. I'm simply lost without it."

"Nothing doing."

"Can't you give me a complicated filing system to curse over, or rig up an electrical appliance with which to communicate with the happy beings near?"

"We have all the time there is here, sir. No use in making any attempt to save it. Be content with your harp."

The up-to-date business man shook his head mournfully. Then he went over in a corner and muttered to himself:

"No filing systems, no electric wires, no worry about taxes, no bells ringing in your ear, no smells, no distracting noises, no street crossings—no machinery that has been burned into my soul until I can't be happy without it. And they call this heaven!"

### An Easy Job

**CALLER:** Is this the office of Dr. Distans, the absent-treatment physician?

**ATTENDANT:** Yes, sir; but you can't see the doctor till this afternoon. He's busy every morning treating soldiers in France.

**WAS** Woodrow Wilson elected to be the President of the United States or an Ambassador Extraordinary?



CUTTING THE WIRE



Germany: IT TOOK ME FORTY YEARS TO BUILD IT—UND IT ONLY LASTED FOUR YEARS

### Famous Utterances

**TIBERIUS GRACCHUS**, during the Corn Riots: "No truce will be made with our enemies until Rome has been made safe for democracy."

**Pompey**, after the battle of Pharsalus: "Strong enemy counter thrusts were repulsed with great loss. Our forces have fallen back to prepared positions in Tall Timber Wood."

**Cambyzes**, preparing for the invasion of Egypt: "Amasis shall feel the might of Persia's mailed fist."

**Alexander the Great**, after conquering the world: "I shall stand no nonsense from the gods after this war."

**Xenophon**, approaching the Euxine after Cunaxa: "Our armies continue to retreat to victory."

The Emperor Nero, disappearing under the imperial banquet table after having consumed the week's output of the imperial breweries: "At any rate, they can't accuse me of not doing my bit."



"BOBBIE, I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT TO KEEP THAT CREATURE."  
"I GOT TO KEEP HIM, MOTHER. THE REGIMENT I'M CAPTAIN OF SIMPLY HAS TO HAVE A MASCOT."



## From Right in Touch with the Babies



RENÉE VIGNANE,  
BABY 2754

THE letter appended shows a near appreciation not only of what LIFE's fund for the French war orphans is doing, but also a familiarity with the little folk who are being helped by the generosity of LIFE's readers. It also breathes the admirable spirit of the American soldier with his bravery, good-heartedness, humor and tenderness for children so graphically that we think the other contributors to the fund are entitled to share in the pleasure of its perusal. By way of explanation, we would say that the letter contained a Bank of France twenty-franc note, which, for accounting purposes, is put down as \$3.70, to start the two years' maintenance of Baby Number 4000. Our total has not yet reached that number, but we are glad to comply with the soldier's request in assigning the number he desires. The bank-note has been sent directly to the Fraternité Franco-Américaine.

Somewhere in France, Oct. 23, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND LIFE: Long before I had any idea I would ever be over here studying Kultur at close range, eating bully beef and testing the truth of the Bull Durham advertisements I read of your "French Baby Fund," and was moved to the extent of contributing slightly and anonymously.

I have often wondered, since coming to this land of "merci bien," whether I would ever see the "pauvre petite" you passed my donation to.

I have seen many who might possibly have been the recipients, but, not being sure, I do not know.

There are, however, "beaucoup" that I am sure you have never heard of, so I am going to adopt one of my own by proxy. We will say, for instance, that this is "Baby No. 4000." She (for it must be a little lady) is seven years old. She has the usual features of a child of that age; only a little more beautiful and saying cuter things than any other kid in France. She wears wooden-soled shoes and half-length woolen stockings and a blue calico dress, and her mother does the washing for the Sammies who are billeted out in the barn with Toto, the calf, and Pepin, the goat. She listens, in wild-eyed wonder, to the strange tales of "belle Amérique" and "la



"LIFE," LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS



ANDRÉ MAHY,  
BABY 2806



THE RAOUL FAMILY WITH AUGUSTINE, BABY 177, AND MELANIE, BABY 211

grande dame" standing on the edge of Bedloe's Island. She has learned to say "Sanks you" and "Good morning" and "Ello" and "I spik Inglis," and she never forgets to salute Monsieur le Capitain. She—but never mind, you'll find her. She is everywhere.

And just to save you the trouble of figuring from dollars to these franc things they call money here, I enclose a few of them which you won't have to pay exchange on.

Here's hoping someone else swells my start on Baby 4000 to the necessary \$73.

I am (anonymously, if you please),  
Sincerely yours,

J. H. S.

The generous interest in the orphans has not diminished with the coming of peace, and our readers seem to know that for a long time to come these little children will need the help that France is unable to give them. LIFE has received, in all \$284,606.84, from which there have been remitted to Paris 1,616,337.25 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Miss Ruth Horn, Houston, Texas, for Baby No. 3368.....	\$73
A. M. Tofthagen, Lakota, N. D., for Baby No. 3369.....	73
Major John Wm. Colbert, M. C., American Expeditionary Forces, for Baby No. 3373.....	73
Richard and Robert Brent Dana, St. Louis, Mo., for Baby No. 3374.....	73
Anonymous, through J. T. S., Schenectady, N. Y., for Baby No. 3375.....	73
Mary, Arabella and Susan Bryan, New Orleans, La., for Baby No. 3376.....	73.10
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brown, Vancouver, Wash., for Baby No. 3377.....	73
Mrs. Glenn Carley, Sharon, Pa., for Baby No. 3378.....	73
In memory of Joseph Twyman Rockwell, Merion Station, Pa., for Baby No. 3379.....	73
Woman's Literary Club, Lebanon, Ohio, for Baby No. 3384.....	73
Mary E. Hopkins, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 3385.....	73
Dr. Alfred A. Blackman, Colorado Springs, Colo., for Baby No. 3386.....	73
In memory of Katharine Morrison Chapin, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 3387.....	73
Friends in the A. F. R. office, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., through H. J. A., New Haven, Conn., for Babies Nos. 3388, 3389 and 3390.....	219
Katherine L. Seay, Nashville, Tenn., for Baby No. 3391.....	73
Miss Sidonie Kalll, Newark, N. J., for Baby No. 3392.....	73

Mrs. J. Allen Wheat, Charlottesville, Va., for Baby No. 3393..... \$73  
 William E. Lee, Sao Paulo, Brazil, for Baby No. 3395..... 73  
 Mrs. A. Stuart Robertson and Mrs. H. McK. Smith, Staunton, Va., for Baby No. 3396..... 73  
 W. L. Brickell, Columbus, Ohio, for Baby No. 3397..... 73  
 The Creed children, Piedmont, Cal., for Baby No. 3399..... 73  
 E. P. Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 3401..... 73  
 Anonymous, New York City, for Baby No. 3402..... 73  
 Eva L. Taylor, New York City, for Baby No. 3403..... 73  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Lawton, Hancock, Mich., for Baby No. 3404..... 73  
 The Junior Red Cross of the Public and Parochial Schools of Houghton, Mich., for Baby No. 3405..... 73  
 Mrs. Charles B. Hobbs, Great River, L. I., for Baby No. 3406..... 73  
 Russell B. Garsden, Hartford, Conn., for Baby No. 3407..... 73  
 Mrs. C. A. C. Campbell, Weltevreden, Java, for Baby No. 3408..... 73  
 In memory of Marion, Redlands, Cal., for Baby No. 3410..... 73  
 In loving memory of a gallant Scotch officer, killed in action in France, for Baby No. 3411..... 73

RENEWALS: Ruth I. Skinner, 2d, Holyoke, Mass., \$73; T. A. Kramer, South Pasadena, Cal., \$36.50; Mrs. George H. Eberhard, Berkeley, Cal., \$73; Mrs. John Little, Honolulu, T. H., \$3; Moore & Thompson Paper Company, Bellows Falls, Vt., \$146; Mrs. Mary Chase Kimball, Waterbury, Conn., \$73; Mrs. F. C. Lea, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Welles V. Moot, Buffalo, N. Y., \$23; "A Friend," Kohala, Hawaii, \$73; Mrs. John C. Kirby, Staten Island, N. Y., \$36.50; David Gray, Jr., Grosse Point Farms, Mich., \$73; B. C. and Philip B. Taber, Buffalo, N. Y., \$146; Frances and Janet Folsom, San Francisco, Cal., \$73; Mrs. Mathilde Hampe, San Francisco, Cal., \$73; Edward Winton McVitty, Salem, Va., \$73; Richard Martin Compton, Gail Woodruff Compton and Charles Edward Compton, Chicago, Ill., \$73; The Franklin School, Buffalo, N. Y., \$73; The Sociology and Economics Classes of National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md., \$73; Mrs. E. F. H., Fitchburg, Mass., \$73; Edw. J. Pfeider, Hilo, P. I., \$73; Mrs. E. W. Marland, Ponca City, Okla., \$73; Anna, Frank and Milton Nichols, Kansas City, Mo., \$36.50; Mynderse Academy, Seneca Falls, N. Y., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Stevens, Jamestown, N. Y., \$146.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Marjory M. Struble, Detroit, Mich., \$3.25; Anonymous, Philadelphia, Pa., \$6; Maud H. Steward, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$36.50; L. P. K., New York City, \$25; Elizabeth Goodrich, Iowa City,

Ia., \$10; G. M. F., Buffalo, N. Y., \$6; C. E. Pierce, Joliet, Mont., \$5; Ruth Santley, Columbus, Ohio, \$5; W. A. Y., Centre Valley, Pa., \$10; Mrs. Mary Hartranft, San Francisco, Cal., \$6; R. B. Wallace, St. Paul, Minn., \$6; Louise Henderson, Washington, D. C., \$5; Mrs. Lee Hynes, Albany, N. Y., \$5; The Normal Department of Luverne, Class of 1919, through Olive H. Savage, Luverne, Minn., \$10; S. I. Bradrick and Mildred Mitchell Bradrick, San Antonio, Tex., \$12; Mrs. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich., \$73; Janne Aronsson, Chicago, Ill., \$10; The pupils of the Eighth Grade, Emerson Public School, Flagstaff, Ariz., \$9; Marjorie A. Dewey, Gloversville, N. Y., \$36.50; Tuesday Bridge Club of Johnson City, Tenn., \$36.50; Madame Ida Esquerre Leeds' French Class of the Equal Franchise Red Cross of Pittsburgh, Pa., \$10; Lila C. Hedges, Haverstraw, N. Y., \$8.30; Miss Margaret C. Rountree, Kenilworth, Ill., \$36.50; Mrs. William J. Sharwood, Lead, S. D., \$73; The French Club, Washington C. H., Ohio, \$6; Child's Welfare Committee of the Woman's Club of St. Johnsbury, Vt., \$3.50; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colo., \$3; In memory of R. H. Nichols, Newark, Ill., \$365; The French Classes of the Sibley High School, Sibley, Ia., \$36.50.

BABY NUMBER 3364

Already acknowledged..... \$4.93  
 W. A. Whitney, Memphis, Tenn., 5  
 H. J. Bingham Powell, New York City  
 Anonymous, through J. T. S., Schenectady, N. Y., 5  
 David and Davida, New York City... 2  
 From one who thinks a heap of LIFE, Lynn, Mass., 5  
 The children of the Third Grade, Room 5, of Grandview School, Tarentum, Pa., 5  
 Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass., 6  
 Mrs. Wallace Chace Steiger and Mrs. St. George M. Teackle, De Land, Fla., 12.17  
 In memory of Payne Moore, Shreveport, La., 5  
 J. J. D., North Wales, Pa., 2  
 Mrs. Helen P. Jamopoulos, Webster Groves, Mo., 15.90

BABY NUMBER 3400

Mrs. Helen P. Jamopoulos, Webster Groves, Mo., \$4.10  
 Mrs. C. A. C. Campbell, Weltevreden, Java, 27  
 Anonymous, France..... 18.52  
 \$49.62

BABY NUMBER 4000

Private J. H. S., American E. F.... \$3.70



THE NEDELLEC FAMILY WITH GERMAINE, BABY 2998



ROLANDE PERRIN, BABY 2086, HER MOTHER AND SISTER

THE CHRISTMAS FUND IS CLOSED

What a splendid lot of persons LIFE's readers are! Here we've been, in a way, trembling in our boots for fear they wouldn't make up the \$3,400 necessary to give each of the French orphans a dollar's worth of Christmas joy. As we go to press, well in advance of Christmas, the whole amount is in hand, and with it a very handsome surplus. This surplus and tardy contributions we shall carry over to next year's Christmas fund, if there is one. If the need of help should diminish to the point where we discontinue to work, the surplus will be added to the main fund to renew the relief for some of the original children who really need the extension. Every dollar will go to help some French orphan actually in want, and we have no doubt that this will meet the approval of the contributors. The acknowledgments make such a strain on LIFE's space that a final statement and formal thanks are deferred to a later issue. We have received from

Mrs. James N. Andrews, Bethesda, Md., \$50; J. D. Grant, Slidell, La., \$10; Margaret and Elizabeth Goodrich, Berkeley, Cal., \$20; Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Evanston, Wyo., \$15; Mrs. Willis B. Sterling, Erie, Pa., \$10; In memory of Kent, Chicago, Ill., \$10; J. M. Clarke, Wheeling, W. Va., \$10; Laura B. Kenney, Brockton, Mass., \$10; E. P. A., Washing-

ton, D. C., \$5; Mary J. Allen, Colorado Springs, Colo., \$5; Mrs. George M. Mackellar, New York City, \$5; Mrs. C. M. Cone, Hartford, Vt., \$5; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver F. Jackson, New York City, \$5; E. Shallenberger, Elwood, Neb., \$5; Catharine S. Reside, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$4; Mrs. Charles H. Shute, Boston, Mass., \$2; (Continued on page 913)



ON TIME



## Some Open Letters

To Edsel Ford.

DEAR SIR: As the son of Henry Ford, and one who claimed exemption from military service because you were so badly needed in the home flivver trenches, we congratulate you upon the successful termination of the war. It will, no doubt, be a great comfort to you to realize that, while so many others have been forced by foolish sentiment to fight and die for their country, you still remain as a bulwark of national reconstruction. With your practical knowledge of pacifism in all its alluring phases, as evidenced by many hard-fought battles with stern draft boards to preserve your life for your country, it is evident that those of us who are left are not living in vain.

Yours for a hopeful and pacifist posterity,  
LIFE.

To the All-Lowest, care of Messrs. Ludendorff, Mackensen, Tirpitz and Gott.

DEAR ALL-LOWEST: Yours of November 13th, announcing your change of address, has been duly received and contents noted. We regret to inform you that our Street Cleaning Department reports that it has no vacancies at present, but it is possible that we may be able to place you as printer's devil for one of the Hearst papers. In case you do not receive this letter, you will understand that it has been forwarded through our Post Office Department.

Insincerely yours,  
LIFE.



THE SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, WILLIE. HE ONLY TOOK A LOT O' OLD SILVER AND MONEY—HE DIDN'T FIND THAT THRIFT STAMP OF OURS"

To W. H. Taft.

DEAR MR. TAFT: The other day we amused ourselves making a list of the men who had gone through the war with the most credit, so far as their behavior was concerned. Our method at arriving at this conclusion was based on an estimate of certain qualities which make up the behavior of any citizen in war time. These included patriotism, accuracy, reserve, dignity, firmness in telling the truth when necessary, and good nature. When we had finished we saw your name at the top.

We thought you might like to know this.

Cordially and sincerely yours,  
LIFE.

To Messrs. Trotsky and Lenine.

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your favor of November 30th, in which you ask if your services will be needed

in this country, in order to make the world safe for Bolshevism, we beg to report that we do not think so. We believe that you can probably do more harm where you are, and it would be a pity to take you away from such a grand work as you are doing in Russia and Germany unless we really needed you. At present we have a number of able Bolsheviki—I. W. W.'s, yellow infernalists, prohibitionists, Sinn Feiners and bomb-throwers—in our midst. If we see any disposition on the part of the administration to be intolerant of them and not to treat them with all courtesy and respect due their votes, we will let you know.

Secretly and diabolically yours,

LIFE.

"PEACE without victory." "Too proud to fight." "He kept us out of war." Will these be followed by "Don't let the people know"?



PICTURE OF RUSH OF AMERICAN TOURISTS LANDING IN GERMANY AFTER THE WAR

### Re-Saving the World

OWING to the establishment of a permanent world peace and the perfection reached in the manufacture of labor-saving devices, which were even then made automatically, work was finally abolished.

Every day, however, becoming a holiday, it was necessary, as a matter of relaxation, to have a national working day.

In the early morning great crowds of joyous people, intent upon the pleasure in store for them, could be seen setting out for the day's toil, their glad songs filling the circumambient ether. In the evening they would return, splendidly tired and temporarily contented, already looking forward to the next working day. Thus they lived only from one working day to the other. As automatic machines, operating with stored heat from the sun, transported them everywhere they wanted to go,

without effort, and as enough food and clothes of every conceivable variety was instantly available, there was nothing to do but sit around and look pleasant. There was no talk, for there were no scandals, wars or murders to talk about. There was no money to worry about, as it had long since become unnecessary. There was no envy, for there was nothing to be envious about. Political parties had long since gone their way, as there were no spoils of office.

Marriage had been given up, as the only object of education was to fit children to make a living, and this being no longer necessary, children were no longer brought up. People did not fall in love, as there was nothing to quarrel about. All the machinery was noiseless, so there was nothing to hear but the wind and the birds and animals, and nothing to look at but scenery.

There were no books to read, because nothing happened, and there were no thoughts to put down.

In this unhappy condition, relieved only by the occasional bright spot of a working day, a sage arose. He felt that he ought to do something for his fellow man. He pondered long and deeply on this perplexing problem, until one day he solved it.

As all land was free, and there were no restrictions on anything, much to the amazement of everybody he asked for a territory for his own use, one in which he could put into operation his new scheme. Within the confines of this territory he immediately prohibited all labor-saving machinery. Gathering about him a group of fanatics like himself, he persuaded them that if they had to work for everything they got, at the risk of losing their lives prematurely, they would at least get some variety into their lives. With this he invented a few superstitions to inspire a suitable degree of terror. He started a newspaper, created a financial system, set up a divorce court, wrote a political constitution, put up slums, brought on taxes and inspired a school of philosophers.

Then he split the state in two, brought on a war, and finally died, the most honored and talked-of man in the world. And they put over his grave this legend:

"The father of his country.  
He kept us out of Peace."

*WHICH is worse, secret diplomacy or secret government by censored cables?*

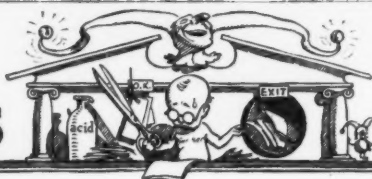


"WHAT YE TALKIN' 'BOUT GENERAL FOCH ALL THE TIME FER? GEE WHIZ! MAYBE YE COULDN'T HAVE DONE ANY BETTER YERSELF."



THE FALLEN IDOL



AUT  
SCISSORSAUT  
NULLUS

## Up-to-Date if Not Poetic

Richard Le Gallienne said in a recent lecture:

"Sincerity is the only thing that will give a poet success. Technical excellence, such as Swinburne's, counts for nothing with the public. The public doesn't understand it."

"The public is a good deal like a pretty girl I was talking to the other day on the beach."

"Of course," I said to her, "you know what hexameters are, don't you?"

"Sure," she said. "I guess I ought to. I've ridden in them often enough."

—*New York Globe.*

## The Word Was Pale

SALESMAN: I suppose you require a grand piano, madame?

MRS. MEWNISHUNS: Grand! I want a magnificent one.—*London Opinion.*



THE JANUARY SISYPHUS

## Mistaken Identity

WARRIOR (from Palestine, whose baby is about to be christened, and who has a bottle of Jordan water for the purpose): Eh, by the way, meenister, I ha'e brocht this bottle—

MINISTER: No' the noo, laddie! After the ceremony I'll be vera pleased.

—*London Opinion.*

## Some Car

SPECTATOR (describing accident): It fell over that cliff up there. There ain't a scratch on the car, but the people were injured something frightful.

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST: Wonderful, by Jove! What's the make of the car?

—*Sidney (Australia) Bulletin.*

"A SEAT on the New York Stock Exchange costs upwards of sixty thousand dollars."

"Men are a mystery to me."

"How now?"

"Look at them. Spend all that money for a seat, and some of them stand, while others run around in circles."

—*Boston Transcript.*

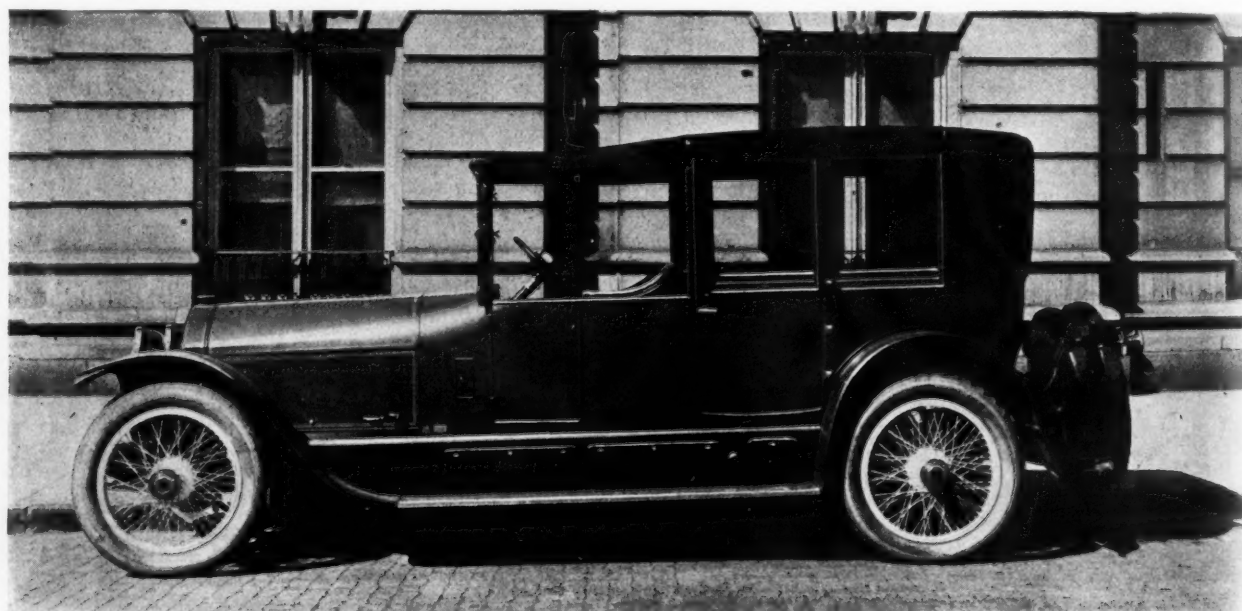
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A Custom Built Model of Convertible Type, seating six passengers.

Custom designs copyrighted by The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.



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## THE CAROLINA HOTEL NOW OPEN

Special Weekly Events and Tournaments with professionals and amateurs participating.

GOLF—Fair Greens in wonderful condition.  
TRAP SHOOTING—\$7,000 in money and trophy awards.  
HUNTING—30,000 acres of preserve.

RIDING—DRIVING—MOTORING—TENNIS  
Delightful weather predicted for December.

For full information, schedule of events, etc., address  
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LEONARD TUFTS

22 Congress Street Boston

### Query

MRS. MARY VAN KLEECK, director of the Women in Industry Service of the Department of Labor, is concerned about the future wages of women. She thinks that they should be paid as much as men in similar positions.

The people who pay wages have a settled opinion that women in equal jobs with men are not worth quite so much. They are more temperamental. They have less initiative. Their constitutions are more unreliable. If they gradually become as efficient as men are, then it is probable that they will receive the same wages as men. Until that time they must wait in patience.

Is that so?

## Liberty Bonds and Peace

Few Liberty Bond holders realize the enhancement possibilities of these securities in return of peace. Two years after the conflict, our 3% Spanish War Bonds sold at 112½. Civil War Bonds advanced 39¾ points. Read about it in

### "Our Foreign Bond Holdings"

This and books on other investment subjects free on request.

INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU  
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE  
94 Fifth Avenue New York

## Burial Service for a Newspaper Joke

AFTER the remains have been decently interred, the following remarks shall be uttered by the presiding humorist:

This joke has been our refuge from one generation to another:

Before the mountains were brought forth this joke was lusty and of good repute:

In the life of this joke a thousand years are but as yesterday.

Blessed, therefore, is this joke, which now resteth from its labors.

But most of our jokes are of little continuance: though there be some so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their humor then but labor and sorrow:

For a joke that is born of a humorist hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. It cometh up and is cut down like a flower. It fleeth as if it were a shadow and abideth but one edition.

It is sown in quotation, it is raised in misquotation:

We therefore commit this joke to the files of the country newspapers, where it shall circulate forever, world without end.

"YOUNG Lochinvar came out of the West." And why did young Lochinvar come out of the West? Because Postmaster Bursleson's absurd Zone Law and the delays in the mails made irregular the delivery of LIFE, to which he was a regular subscriber.

## By Their Fruits

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

One of the fruits of Christian Science is

**The Christian Science Monitor**  
*An International Daily Newspaper*

Here you see the power and value of Truth and Principle applied to the affairs of the whole world.

You see a newspaper without sensationalism, gossip, unsavory details, exaggeration or falseness. And yet— or rather because of it—a highly interesting and edifying newspaper. The Monitor is all the more interesting because its readers know that what they read is true, and therefore has a real bearing upon their thought and lives.

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"OH! FIE! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES?"  
"BEFORE I FORGIVE HIM, LADY, I'M GOIN' TO FIX HIM SO HE WON'T NEVER HAVE TO BE FORGIVEN A SECOND TIME."



Shades of Charles A. Dana!

(From the New York "Sun")

POEMS WORTH READING

How fast the plumed, thundering horsemen ride!

How strong the vision of the nation's pride!

France in apotheosis have we here,  
The matchless, deathless work of Meissonier!

Too Sensitive for Science

The teacher of the class in physiology put to Tommy this question:

"How many ribs have you?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Tommy, squirming at the very thought. "I am so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—*Youth's Companion*.

A Gilt-Edged Security

"You ask for my daughter? What are your prospects, young man? Do you own the house you live in?"

"No, I rent it; but I have five tons of coal in the cellar."

"Take her."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

"TAKE a good look at this ladder, my boy."

"What for?"

"And then remember that if it were possible to get to the top at a single bound there would be no need of the bottom rungs."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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HAPPY HOLIDAY CELEBRATIONS

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NON-INTOXICATING

An American Beverage for a Real American Celebration

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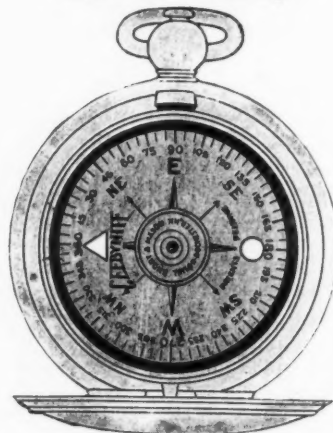
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Get it, Today



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Every lover of life in the open fully realizes the importance of carrying one of these unfailing guides when following his favorite sport in the woods, along the streams, or on the highways.

Sportsman and Soldier alike, have learned by experience that they can trust the absolute accuracy of the *Taylor* Compass—the delicate instrument which nearly seventy years' experience in building recording instruments, plus *Taylor* material, workmanship and supervision, have made sturdy, durable and invariably correct.

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White metal hunting case, floating aluminum dial, with the north and south points treated with a luminous radium material, enabling points to be read at night.

**\$3.50—At Dealers or Postpaid**

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**How to Secure**—Go to your dealer first. If he cannot supply or will not order for you (or if you are not convenient to a dealer) remit price for *Taylor* Compass desired direct to us, giving address to which you wish compass mailed.

Descriptive folder on request  
Booklet, "Compass, Sign Post of the World," 10c

**Taylor Instrument Companies**

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There is a *Taylor* or *Taylor* Thermometer for Every Purpose

Self-Accused

"Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?"

"Nothing but a post-card, ma'am."

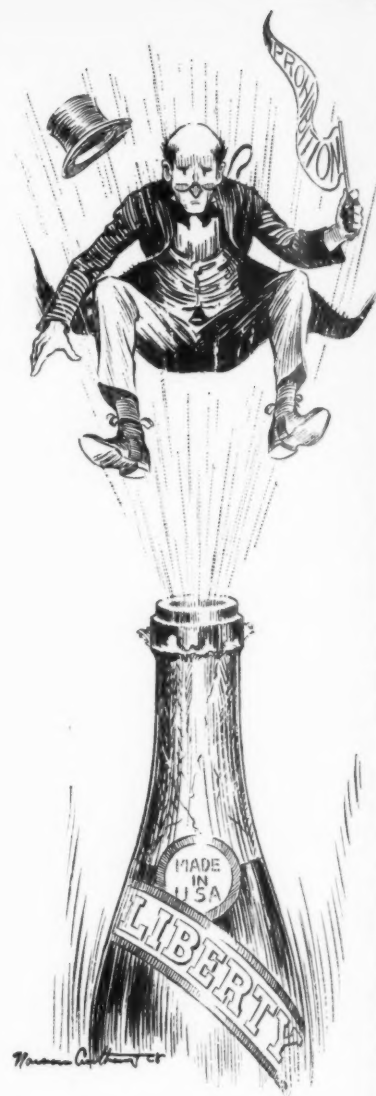
"Who is it from, Mary?"

"And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl, with an injured air.

"Perhaps not. But anyone who sends me a message on a post-card is either stupid or impertinent."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, loftily; "but that's a nice way to be talkin' about your own mother."

—*Boston Transcript*.



POP!

NOTHING escaped the wonderful powers of observation with which the late Herbert Spencer was endowed. By these he thoroughly confirmed the theory that frequent use of the risible muscles increases the amount of adipose tissue. Acting on that observation, he advised all of his friends who showed signs of emaciation or undernourishment that they become annual subscribers to LIFE.

**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**

25c ALL DRUGGISTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**



## From Right in Touch with the Babies

THE CHRISTMAS FUND OF 1918

(Continued from page 905)

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H., \$10; The members of Engine Company No. 5, Portland, Me., \$5; Richard and Robert Dana, St. Louis, Mo., \$2; J. N. Carnes, Charleston, W. Va., \$5; E. Henry La, New York City, \$10; Elizabeth A. Meston, Mary Margaret Meston and John Meston, Pueblo, Colo., \$6; George Ayres Robinson, Jr., and Walter Allen Robinson, Washington, D. C., \$2; Bessie B. Hathaway and friends, Cleveland, Ohio, \$10; Mrs. C. W. Hubbard, Auburndale, Mass., \$50; Mrs. Gordon Stratley, Jr., N. Y., \$10; Thomas N. Codman, South Lincoln, Mass., \$5; F. L. Ogden, N. Y., \$1; H. E. P., Birmingham, Ala., \$20; Mrs. F. M. Taber, Chicago, Ill., \$5; Mrs. W. S. Wood, Muskegon, Mich., \$2; A Friend, Chicago, Ill., \$1; Howie Kent, Rochester, N. Y., \$10; Elizabeth Clark and Martha H. Clark, Detroit, Mich., \$5; C. W. Kent, Los Angeles, Cal., \$3; Caroline Stephenson, Sacramento, Cal., \$5; From one who thinks a heap of LIFE, Lynn, Mass., \$5; T. A. Kramer, South Pasadena, Cal., \$5; Eva C. 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X. ee, South Bellingham, Wash., \$25; Jane Walters, San Antonio, Texas, \$5; r and Harold Bills, Eaton, Colo., \$1.40; Anonymous, San Antonio, Texas, \$5; M. Raymond, Pasadena, Cal., \$5; James H. Skinner, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$5; Mrs. French, Auburn, N. Y., \$10; The Women's Auxiliary of the Roxbury Y. M. Roxbury, N. Y., \$2; Mrs. D. P. Harding, Rochester, N. Y., \$5; T. B. Preston, Mich., \$10; Mrs. M. F. Hunter, Johnsonville, N. Y., \$5; W. M. S., Winnipeg, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Stevens, Jamestown, N. Y., \$10; Miss M. M. Boston, Mass., \$1. Already acknowledged, \$2,405.19.

is makes a total of \$4,253.14, enabling us to increase the number of  
ten to receive gifts to thirty-five hundred or thereabouts instead of  
thirty-four hundred as originally planned. The surplus will be dis-  
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With Twin Beds, \$4 to \$6. Four Restaurants.



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For the  
Throat

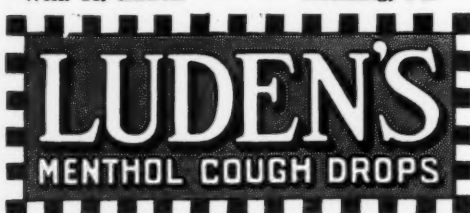


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from throat tickle, soreness, dryness and annoying irritations. Sweeten the breath and comfort the mouth. No narcotics, no coloring—safe and pleasant.

In the Luden yellow, sanitary package.

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## Headlines Inspired by the Late War

SMITH-JONES Wedding Party Penetrate Heavy Rice Barrage and Reach Union Depot Sector in Safety.

Sixteen Prisoners Taken in Mrs. Buttin Somehow's Drive for Dinner Guests.

Twelfth-Ward Salient Goes Over the Top in the Number of Sick Cases Reported.

Eighteen to Forty-five-Year Draft Planned by Bachelor Maids of No-Man's-Land Apartment House.

Immense Congregation Gassed by Doctor Holden at St. Speed's on Sunday.

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—takes all the odor  
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25c—at drug- and department-stores.

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## Books Received

*The Glorious Hope*, by Jane Burr. (Jane Burr, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.)

*A Little Boy Lost*, by W. H. Hudson. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.)

*Shelley's Elopement*, by Alexander Harvey. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.)

*Fairies and Fusiliers*, by Robert Graves. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.)

*The Other Side*, by Gilbert Frankau. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.)

*The War-Workers*, by E. M. Delafield. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.)

*The Turquoise Story Book*, by Ada and Eleanor Skinner. (Duffield & Co., \$1.75.)

*Sea King of Barnegat*, by Russell D. Smith. (Duffield & Co., \$1.40.)

*Outcasts in Beulah Land and Other Poems*, by Roy Helton. (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.30.)

*Almanzar*, by J. Frank Davis. (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.)

*The Love of an Unknown Soldier*, from a manuscript found in a dug-out. (John Lane Company, \$1.25.)

*Blithesome Jottings*, by Gertrude Sanborn. (Four Seas Company, Copley Theatre Building, Boston, Mass., \$1.25.)

*The Peace of Roaring River*, by George Van Schaick. (Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.50.)

*The Crack in the Bell*, by Peter Clark Macfarlane. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.40.)

*The Magnificent Ambersons*, by Booth Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

*Adventures in Beaver Stream Camp*, by A. Radclyffe Dugmore. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.35.)

*The Valley of the Giants*, by Peter B. Kyne. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.40.)

*Secretary Baker at the Front*, by Ralph A. Hayes. (Century Company, \$1.)

*The Catskills*, by T. Morris Longstreth. (Century Company, \$2.50.)

*The Merry Heart*, by Helen Raymond Abbott. (Century Company, \$1.40.)

*Skyrider*, by B. M. Bower. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.40.)

*Out of the Silences*, by Mary E. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)

*After They Came Out of the Ark*, by E. Boyd Smith. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*Daily Menus for War Service*, by Thetia Quay Franks. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$5.)

*The Dress You Wear and How to Make It*, by Mary Jane Rhoe. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.)

*The Silent Watchers*, by Bennett Copplestone. (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.)

*Far Away and Long Ago*, by W. H. Hudson. (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.50.)

*Songs of a Red Cross Nurse*, by Brooks More. (Cornhill Company, Boston, Mass., \$1.25.)

OLD dog Tray, ever faithful;  
Grief cannot drive him away.  
For he's gentle and he's kind,  
And you'll never, never find  
A better friend than old dog Tray—  
except LIFE, which comes, ever faithfully, Tuesday mornings to its regular yearly subscribers.

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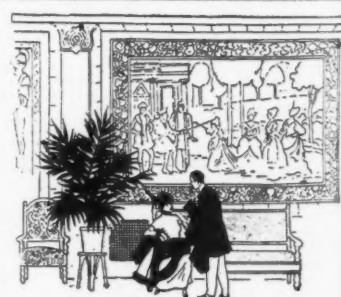
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imported.



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forev-v-ver"



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